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# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Concord.*



A FALL OF SNOW.

## STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXIII.—AN OLD BRADSHAW.

When I that censure him do so offend,  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial.

—Shakespeare.

CHRISTMAS was over; New Year's Day had come and gone. Term had begun at Abbotscliff. The boys came back by the latest train avail-

No. 1447.—SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

able on the appointed day, and found their way up to the college in groups, leaving their portmanteaus and boxes to be sent after them. Most of them appeared to be in high spirits. It might have been thought that they were glad the holidays were over. If they felt any regrets they managed to conceal them from the public view. They talked together of the jolly time they had had at home, and of the jolly term they meant to have at school. Football and athletics were the chief things which would claim

PRICE ONE PENNY.

their attention this term—the school work being taken for granted: it was not necessary to talk about that. There were a few new boys, who found each other out instinctively and herded together at first; but the old fellows greeted one another noisily, if not politely, and went to their studies and other accustomed places in their respective boarding-houses with cheerful looks and not very heavy hearts. Tables were spread with substantial joints of cold meat, to which the boys could help themselves as they arrived; but most of them had fared well already before leaving home and at the railway stations, and from that or some other cause were not hungry.

"Are all the fellows come?" some one asked, when they were about retiring to their dormitories. Of course no one could answer that question; but it was passed round, and notes were interchanged of boys who had been seen and others who had not been seen. There had been on former occasions some irregularity in the arrival of the boys. Although there were some parents who complained that the holidays were unnecessarily long, yet many of them would take a day or two more upon some pretence or other, and the form-work of the whole school was hindered in consequence. Dr. Piercey had therefore given notice that in future no boy who was not punctual to the day appointed would be excused, except in cases of illness. Everybody knew that the doctor meant what he said, and no little interest was manifested in the consequences which might be expected to ensue if any boy should venture to disregard his mandate.

"Where's Martin?" said one.

"Swallow? Oh, I saw him with Tom Howard, walking with their arms over each other's shoulders, like the Siamese twins," another answered.

"Has anybody seen Robinson?"

"Yes; Robinson is all right; and so is Brown, and the two Joneses, and the three Smiths, and White and Green."

"And Blue and Pink," a lively youngster suggested.

"Where is that fellow Chaffin?"

Nobody had seen Chaffin. Chaffin, it was well known, had always taken a day or two extra with his father's sanction, and had boasted that he should do the same still; many of them hoped he would. The question was passed about with excitement—Had Chaffin returned? Nobody had seen him; nobody wanted to see him; but there was a great deal of speculation as to what would happen if he should not appear and answer to his name at calling-over next morning.

Their anticipations were well founded. Chaffin had not arrived. Two or three others were absent without leave, and came in in the course of the day; but on the second night Chaffin was still absent. Dr. Piercey called up the boys who had arrived a day late, and, after a short speech, gave them an imposition and gated them for a week. One of them, named Barry, pleaded to be excused on the ground that it was not his fault that he and his brother were late.

"Whose fault was it?" the doctor asked.

"We missed the train, sir," said Barry major. "The time-table had been altered."

"Since when?"

"Since last month."

"Then you ought to have known it."

"Yes, sir; but if you please, sir, I had an old Bradshaw."

"You ought to have had a new one: to-day is the 21st of January; you might have procured one three weeks ago."

"I did not know that there would be any change in the trains, sir."

"You would have known it if you had used proper care."

"My father looked out the train for me."

"By doing so in an improper manner he exposed you to punishment. I cannot give him an imposition of five hundred lines; you are old enough to take care of yourself in such a matter, and it was your place to do so. You and your brother must take the consequences."

"It is very hard, sir."

"It will be a lesson to you."

There was nothing more to be said. The boys knew that they must perform their task, and were silent.

"I wonder what Chaffin will get," said one of them, after school. "He is two days late; he will have a thousand lines at least, and be gated half the term."

The third morning Chaffin was still absent. His name was called, but no voice answered. There was a buzz of excitement, some of the boys appearing to be very much delighted at the prospect of a scene. Dr. Piercey also, as it happened, was absent, which was a very unusual thing for him, especially as he had given no notice to his form, who were waiting for him.

"He is never ill," said one to another; "or if he is, he does not give in."

They remained in the class-room, expecting his arrival every moment, and were just going away, at the end of an hour, when the doctor appeared, looking very hot and uncomfortable as some of them thought. He took his usual place and went through the lesson hastily, but he was evidently preoccupied, and "absent still," as one of the boys whispered to his neighbour.

When the lesson was ended Dr. Piercey arose and moved towards the door; then paused, and returned to his place.

"I was late this morning," he said.

They knew that already, and were silent.

"Have you any idea how it happened?"

"No, sir."

"Come with me."

The doctor then led the way, looking rather downcast, as they thought, towards the great hall, where most of the boys were assembled at their work, and took his place upon the rostrum from which he had made his short speech about the absentees the day before. The boys were all attention. "Chaffin is come," they whispered one to another. A rumour had been current that the doctor had sent a policeman after him, and many of the "very young" among them expected to see the truant brought into the room presently in charge of a "bobby." Dr. Piercey was himself evidently oppressed with the gravity of the situation, and seemed, for the first time since they had known him, to have a difficulty in finding words to express himself. He hesitated, coughed, looked around him, let his eye fall towards the desk, and at length broke silence.

"I was late in school this morning," he said; "and after what passed yesterday, I feel called upon to tell you how it happened. I had occasion last night to go to Puddleford, and intended to return by the first

train this morning. I was a few minutes behind time at the Puddleford station and the train was gone."

He paused, and there was a solemn silence, broken only by a little squeak from one of the Barrys, who hid his face behind a book and endeavoured to escape from observation.

"I—I—it was my own fault," the doctor continued. "I trusted to an old Bradshaw."

Another squeak! Two squeaks this time from the place where the two Barrys were sitting, and a general sensation throughout the room.

"Oh, I say!" was whispered from one to another with great delight, especially among the younger boys.

"Silence!" from the monitors.

"I have no excuse to make," said the doctor, proceeding with more fluency, now that the unpleasant fact had been proclaimed. "It was nobody's fault but my own; and if I were in your place, I should deserve—"

"Five hundred lines," said a small voice, not meant to be audible. The words were heard, however, with a distinctness startling to the speaker, in consequence of the absolute and very unusual silence which prevailed.

"Who said that?" one of the monitors asked, peremptorily.

No one answered. The question was repeated. Several of the boys glanced sideways at each other, especially those nearest the spot from which the voice had come; but no one spoke.

"Who was it that said 'five hundred lines'?" the doctor asked, quietly.

Still there was silence. The boys understood that in a case of this kind they were not required to tell of one another, but only to answer for themselves.

"I'm waiting for a reply to my question," the doctor said again.

Then Barry minor rose to his feet, looking very red and miserable, and stood up in his place speechless.

"Did you say 'five hundred lines'?" the doctor asked, gravely.

"Yes, sir; I am very sorry, sir; I did not mean it at all. I did not think anybody would hear."

"I suppose you did not," said the doctor. "You may sit down. It would be a great waste of time," he continued, half seriously and half in joke, "for me to write out five hundred lines; and such a task would be for me a much severer punishment than it is for you. Still I should wish to satisfy you."

"Oh, sir," Barry minor began, with a trembling voice, "I did not mean anything."

But Dr. Piercy proceeded without noticing him.

"If any one thinks I ought to have five hundred lines for using an old Bradshaw—"

"No, sir, no," from the monitors.

"*Fiat justitia;* but I really could not find leisure for the task myself." He paused.

"The king can do no wrong," said one of the monitors.

There was a general expression of approval, if not of the sentiment itself, of the present application of it. But Dr. Piercy, though he also seemed to be pleased with the incident, shook his head and said that would not do.

"Then, sir, if the lines are to be done, I'll do them for you," said another.

"And I, and I, and I," from half a dozen voices.

Diver whispered to a neighbour that he had got a

lot of lines of his own composition, ready written; he wondered whether those would do.

"Thank you," said the doctor, looking round him. "But as I am not a royal personage, I am not entitled to a whipping-boy. The only thing I can suggest is that you let me off unconditionally. What do you say?"

He was smiling now, and there was a general feeling of amusement and satisfaction in the school. The boys expressed their approval by look and gesture, as well as with their voices.

"Thank you," said the doctor. "I shall be more careful another time, I hope." And leaving the rostrum, he walked down the schoolroom to the door, all the boys standing up as he passed, and clapping their hands.

"If you please, sir," said the elder Barry, with a comical look, "are we to do our impositions?"

"Yes; why not?"

The boy said nothing, but looked surprised.

"You think, because I am let off, you ought to be?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't see that. My fault is no excuse for yours."

"What is fair for one, though," the boy began, "is fair for another."

"That is true; but your case and mine are not alike."

Barry was silent. He could not argue with the doctor, and would not have ventured to say so much if he had not been led on by his master's pleasant look, as well as by his well-known fairness and good temper.

"How many lines have you done?" the doctor asked.

"About half, sir."

"Then I'll remit the rest. There shall be a general amnesty; not because I have been guilty of the same error—that would be no just reason—but because I feel sure that you will avoid it another time, as I shall also. You will promise me that?"

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir; you may depend upon me," each boy answered.

"I do depend upon you."

Again there was applause, in the midst of which the doctor left the school.

That night Chaffin returned. It was with no little apprehension that he listened to the description which some of the boys gave him of the events which had occurred in the morning. He had usually taken an extra day or two; but a special warning had been issued at the end of last term against any repetition of such practices. He had not supposed that "Piercy" meant what he said, and had again transgressed. He was called up in public the next day to give an account of himself. Meantime he had thought the matter over, and finding how serious the result was likely to be, had prepared his defence. His father had given him leave to stay; that was his first answer. His father told him to stay; he was bound to "honour and obey his father and mother;" that, in substance and argument, was his second. When told that such excuses could not be received, and that the only thing that could justify his want of punctuality was illness, or inability to return, he unblushingly declared that he had been ill and disabled. Upon which Dr. Piercy dismissed him for the present, intending to write to his father for a certificate of the fact. Chaffin also wrote to his

parents, telling them exactly what had passed, reminding them that he had had a headache one day lately, and begging them to send such a letter to Dr. Piercy as should get him out of his difficulty.

But Mr. Chaffin resolved to carry matters with a high hand. The tenor of his letter to Dr. Piercy was that he was himself responsible for his son's detention; he had given him leave, at his urgent request, to stay two or three days longer at home, and as he paid for the full term all the same, he should have felt justified in keeping him a month if he had thought proper to do so. As for his being sick or disabled, that was all nonsense.

The consequences which ensued to Chaffin junior need not be described. It was clear that he had again been guilty of falsehood; and for that, apart from the delinquency which had led to it, he was punished, not with an imposition of lines to write out, but by strokes of a more degrading kind upon his back and shoulders.

After that a lively correspondence took place between the elder Chaffin and Dr. Piercy; and then suddenly, one morning, the boy was seen to go away from the boarding-house in a fly, taking his luggage with him. The report spread that he was gone for good. Some said his father had sent for him; others that he was expelled. No tears were shed; his face was seen no more at Abbotscliff; and but for certain events which are to be related in our next chapter, his name would very soon have been forgotten in the school.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA. Cry havoc; and let slip the dogs of war.—*Shakespeare*.

Ingenium par materie.—*Juvenal*.

"Oh, I say! hurrah! How jolly!"

"What? what? what?" from many voices.

"Just look out! Hasn't it just been snowing? Why, there are two or three feet of snow upon the ground at least."

"How splendid! won't we have a battle! It's a half-holiday too. Hurrah!"

The boys in the dormitories were hurrying into their clothes as if eager for the fight, only stopping now and then to feast their eyes from the windows upon the broad expanse of white which lay before them. Roofs, trees, roads, fields, everything was covered with the dazzling and delightful snow. All angles had disappeared; the buttresses of the chapel and other buildings were rounded off; the pinnacles were sheathed, and had lost all their sharpness; nothing but curves and lines of beauty appeared to the boys' eyes everywhere. The silence which reigned without was impressive; the milk-carts came and went like visions in a dream; the clang of their tins sounded more distinctly than usual, else it might have been supposed that they were phantoms. Two or three men were busy sweeping paths from the boarding-houses to the chapel and school-house. They might be useful, perhaps, for the masters, but it was not to be supposed that the boys would avail themselves of them, except to plunge so much the deeper into the "sweepings" on either side. A few snowballs were thrown as the boys went to chapel, but there was not much time to spare then. Not till the midday meal was over, and the half-holiday had begun, could the battle to which they had been looking forward be properly set in array. Even then it was not an organised attack and defence, but rather a

general scrimmage and saturnalia. The little boys delighted to pelt the monitors, and if a master, in passing, ventured to take up a snowball, the whole of the junior school would set upon him until he was glad to avail himself of the shelter offered behind the ranks of the monitors, or meekly to surrender and cry "Pax." At one time, the sixth form, with a master or two, were attacked by nearly the whole of the rest of the school. At another, the "Moderns" found themselves matched against the Greeks and Romans. It did not matter much how the ranks were formed or in what manner they were recruited; the battle raged more or less hotly during the greater part of the afternoon. Yes, hotly, as the red cheeks and glowing faces of the combatants testified, in spite of the coldness of the projectiles. Some of the boys would have thrown off their jackets, but that was forbidden. The air was "dark" with the crowd of white missiles. So, at least, Diver was heard to exclaim. Diver was in ecstasies; the whole scene was full of poetry.

The snowballs meeting in the air  
Broke into fragments crisp and fair,  
Like bursting shells; and everywhere  
Fast poured the white artillery.

Such was Diver's account of it. It reminded him not only of Campbell, but of Homer, of Virgil, of Milton. Here an Ajax (Jackson major)—

on the field he viewed,  
With sturdy limbs and giant strength endued,  
Whose brawny shoulders and whose swelling chest  
And lofty height exceeded all the rest.  
A glistening mass upon his arms he bore  
(Such mountains float around the polar shore  
Such rolling heaps through Alpine glaciers roar),  
Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high  
With force tempestuous, let the snowball fly.

There a Hector (Jones minor)—

Collects the ammunition of the skies,  
Inspires his host with animating cries,  
Flames in their front, and thunders at their head,  
Bursts on the foe by mighty Ajax led,  
And drives them, struggling, back, with fleecy foam o'er spread.  
The gen'rous Greeks recede with tardy pace,  
Though avalanches thunder in their face.  
None turn their backs to mean, ignoble flight,  
Slow they retreat, and e'en retreating fight,  
White as the ground they tread, all but their faces white.

While the battle was thus raging with inconceivable fury—we beg Diver's pardon—

While thus they strive with more than mortal might,  
The tumult swelling, and the rage of fight

suddenly another army is observed approaching on their flank. The playground (battle-field) is invaded by a new enemy. A detachment of labourers, butcher-boys, fly-drivers, fishermen, *et hoc genus omne*, who have been persecuted during the day as they happened to pass the college, have made common cause, and present themselves in a formidable and threatening phalanx at the gates. The hitherto opposing armies of Greeks and Moderns instantly make peace, and rush with one accord upon the new advance. Diver throws off his hat,—

Loose his hair  
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;

his cheek glows with inspiration, his eye in a fine frenzy rolls :—

He joins not in the fray, but stands afar  
In the cold shelter of a door ajar ;  
Not his to hurl the snowball in its flight—  
His to observe and rhapsodise and write !

"Abbotscliff for ever!" is the cry on one side.

"At 'em boys! Go it my hearties!" is the defiant answer from the other.

Then the battle began in earnest. There was a tremendous struggle at the gate. Ammunition would soon have failed, but fresh supplies were constantly being collected and brought to the front by troops of small boys, the Swallow being prominent amongst them. One or two little ones fell and were trampled upon, but they picked themselves up, crying and laughing at the same time, and said it did not matter. A boy of ten had a finger dislocated, and was hurried away to the doctor, in great pain, but sustained by a feeling of pride in being wounded, and chiefly grieving at the mischance because it compelled him to leave the field.

At length a loud shout was raised by the collegians—"They fly! They fly!" It was true. Town was retreating, small blame to them, as their adversaries admitted, being overmatched and outnumbered. Town pursued them, but not far; for the enemy, meeting with reinforcements, turned back upon them.

But "Abbotscliff for ever!" is still the cry. Abbotscliff is now outnumbered in its turn. Yet Abbotscliff must not yield an inch. The boys crowd together forming a compact body; but that does not help them; they are surrounded and receive half a dozen balls for every one they can return; each missile from their adversaries tells, while their own, gathered up with difficulty and thrown at a more scattered foe, are often wasted. Still they keep their ground, and will not think of a retreat. Now Hector again springs to the front, and at the same moment a tall, broad-chested fisherman in a jersey advances to meet him.

"Entellus and Dares," cries Diver, who has now shifted his post, and is following the battle regardless of personal danger, like "Our own correspondent." The combatants on both sides pause to watch the coming struggle. Great store of ammunition is offered to each of the heroes; for a minute or two they pelt each other furiously at the distance of only two or three yards.

A storm of hail on each with fury flies,  
And plays upon their temples, ears, and eyes ;  
They heave for breath, they stagger to and fro,  
And clouds of issuing smoke their nostrils blow.  
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies,  
One on his sinews and his giant size ;  
Before, behind, the blows are dealt ; around  
Their aching sides the heavy thuds resound.  
With hands upraised the Fisher threats the foe ;  
The Grecian steps aside and shuns the blow ;  
The Fisher slides, he falls. His ample breast  
And weighty limbs the groaning earth oppressed.

"Charge, boys! Abbotscliff for ever!" is again the cry. Before the Town can recover from their surprise and mortification at the fall of their champion the boys divide, and attack them on two sides at once, with such impetuosity that they retreat, falling upon each other, and then once more take to

flight. The boys again pursue, cheering and rushing on with exultation, and before the Town can rally the college bell is heard ringing out the hour for calling over. The victors then turn back, laughing and showing their wounds, bumps, bruises, scratches in plenty, but with more water than blood visible. The iron gates are closed, and with one triumphant "Hurrah!" they go in to their several houses.

But when the roll is called, soon afterwards, Diver is missing. Diver, it is discovered, has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Diver has been taken, pencil and note-book in hand, while absorbed in the effort to find a rhyme for "snowball." He appears, by-and-by, none the worse for his captivity, but he has had to pay a gallon of beer by way of ransom, his captors having with one accord declared that they were very "dry," an obvious untruth. He has been spoiled of his notes also, and that is the reason that we have given our readers only such brief fragments of versification as he was able subsequently to recollect or to recompose, after the moments of first inspiration had been lost.

There was excitement of a different kind for the boys that evening. A newspaper was lying on the table in the common room, and one of the monitors, who took it up, began to read the leading article aloud. It began thus :

"The days of physical torture, the lash and the pillory, as instruments of punishment in our prisons, are well-nigh past, but it appears that a barbarous system of pains and penalties, little in accordance with the spirit of the age, is still practised in one of our oldest public foundation schools. Many of our readers may never have heard of such a place as Abbotscliff, but if it has not been particularly famous hitherto as a seat of learning, it has at length acquired for itself a less enviable notoriety. In another column of our journal will be found a correspondence between the head master of that school and a Mr. Chaffin, whose son appears to have been the subject of unjust, not to say barbarous treatment."

The article continued at some length in this strain, condemning the arbitrary conduct of the head master, the Reverend Dr. Piercy, who, as a clergyman, might have been expected to adopt a milder form of discipline, and to show a preference for gentler influences. The doctor's own unpunctuality was enlarged upon—a fault which he had recently been compelled to admit, and which ought to have rendered him more lenient in judging others. He was represented as a tyrannical and imperious pedagogue of the old school, to whom no sensible or humane parent would like to entrust the care of his child; and a great deal of cheap sympathy was expressed for the "young boy" Chaffin. After giving an absurdly exaggerated account of the punishment he had undergone, and misrepresenting the occasion of it, the article concluded by drawing a parallel between the flagellations and penances imposed, in old times, upon the monks and devotees of Abbotscliff, and the system which Dr. Piercy seemed anxious to revive. It warned parents and guardians to avoid schools in which the head master's sway was practically absolute, being uncontrolled, so far as discipline was concerned, by any governing body, and unrestrained by any sense of responsibility for antipathies indulged or power abused.

To describe the indignation which this paragraph evoked from all who heard it read aloud would be impossible.

"Who brought this paper here?" cried one of the monitors. "I'll break his head, whoever it was."

"It was the doctor," Mr. Grantly replied.  
"Dr. Piercey?"

"Yes; he thought you had better see it. It could not be concealed in any case; and though he is, of course, much annoyed about it, he knew that it would do him no harm among his own boys."

"I wish I could find out who wrote it. I vote we go after Chaffin, father and son, and put them under the pump together."

It was Ajax who spoke, and the proposal met with instant approval. The whole school would have started at once to put it into execution if that had been possible. Calmer and wiser counsels prevailed after a time; and two or three of the elder boys were deputed to wait upon the doctor and express their sympathy with him and their burning indignation against those who had made him the object of their most unjust attack. The same boys afterwards drew up a letter to the papers, containing a denial of all the untrue or exaggerated statements, and declaring their admiration of Dr. Piercey, as a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman, and their affectionate attachment to him as their friend and master. It was signed in the name of all the boys, who gave their consent by acclamation, and it appeared without comment in the public papers on the following day. Mr.

Chaffin also wrote a short letter expressing his regret that he had in a moment of anger given up the correspondence to be published, and complaining that the writer of the article had made too much of the matter, and had put an unfair construction upon the facts.

It was lucky for old Chaffin, the boys said, that he had made this *amende*. Some of them would have met with him some day, and then they would have paid him out. They certainly would have tried the cold-water cure upon him the very first opportunity. Chaffin the younger was still under sentence; he must look out for himself; there would be watercresses growing in his red hair before they had done with him, if only they could get hold of him.

The boys' letter was so hearty, and so evidently genuine, that another paper, the "Weekly Scarrifier," coming to the help of the first offender, threw out a hint that the whole correspondence from beginning to end might possibly have been got up for the purpose of advertising the College at Abbotscliff, as authors are supposed sometimes to review their own works, cutting them up unmercifully, by way of calling attention to them, and evoking favourable opinions in reply. It did the college no harm, at all events, and if there had been vacancies, which was not often the case under Dr. Piercey's reign, might have helped to fill them.

### FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

#### VIII.

THE carnation, one of the choicest of our garden-flowers, was formerly called coronation, from its being used in chaplets. Thus Spenser, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," says,—

"Bring coronations and sops in wine  
Worn of paramours."

Some, however, but incorrectly, derive it from the fresh colour of the flowers, and connect it with the Latin *carnis*. It has various nicknames, such as clove pink, gilliflower, sops-in-wine, piggesnie, and picotee. The term piggesnie occurs in Chaucer, applied to a lady, and it is explained by commentators as meaning a pig's eye. But Dr. Prior gives what seems to be the probable derivation—a Whitsuntide pink—from the German *pflanzt*, and eye. Picotee is from the French word *picoté*, marked with little pricks round the edge, like the picots on lace: "Picot," says Mr. Ellacombe,\* "being the technical term in France for the small twirls which in England are called 'purl' or 'pearl.'" The term sops-in-wine was applied to the carnation because in days gone by it was used for flavouring wine. At weddings, cakes, wafers, and the like were blessed and dipped into the sweet wine, which was always presented to the bride. In the "Taming of the Shrew," Shakespeare makes Petruchio at his own wedding to have

"Quaff'd off the muscadel; and threw the sops  
All in the sexton's face, having no other reason  
But that his beard grew thin and hungry,  
And seem'd to ask him sops, as he was drinking."

Chaucer, too, writing in Edward the Third's reign, speaks of "a clove gilofre to put in ale," and in

Blount's "Tenures," we read of "A sextary of July-flower wine." The flowers of the clove pink are still used to give colour and fragrance to a syrup used in medicine. The young Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis xv, was very fond of cultivating the pink. "On one occasion, a flatterer," says Miss Pirie,\* "persuaded him (by craftily substituting other pots for those which the young prince had reared) that the pinks which he planted came up and blossomed in one night, and thus he succeeded in making the foolish prince believe that nature obeyed his will. One night, however, not being able to sleep, the prince wished to get up, but was informed that it was the middle of the night. 'Well,' answered he, 'I will have it to be day!' The continuance of the darkness soon taught and convinced him that he was not the master of nature, and that all things here on earth were under the control of a higher power." In Shakespeare's time the carnation seems to have been a favourite flower, for in his "Winter's Tale" he lets Perdita say,—

"The fairest flowers of the season  
Are our carnations and streaked gillyflowers."

The honeysuckle with its fragrant blossom is another of our old English garden flowers, and derives its Latin name, *Lonicera*, from Adam Lonicer, a German botanist. Many tales and associations are connected with it, and poets have loved—and among them Shakespeare—to picture its beauty. Thus, in "Much Ado About Nothing" (Act III, Sc. 1), Hero says,—

"And bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
Where honeysuckle, ripened by the sun,  
Forbids the sun to enter."

\* "Plant Lore of Shakespeare," p. 36.

\* "Flowers and Shrubs," p. 157.

There are three species of honeysuckle native in Britain. One of them is called the perfoliate honeysuckle, or goat's leaf; another name, also, is caprifoly, so called from the similarity of its leaf to that of the caper, and its growing about walls and rocks, which caused the northern nations to confuse the one plant with the other. It is also nicknamed "lily among thorns," because it "spredeth forth his sweete lilies like ladies' fingers among the thorns." The woodbine of the poets (*L. Perfoliatum*) is in all probability a corruption of *woodbind*, from its habit of twisting round the stems of trees. Mr. Ellacombe, in his excellent and able work on the "Plant Lore of Shakespeare," says, "There can be little doubt but that in Shakespeare's time the two names, woodbine and honeysuckle, belonged to the same plant, and that the former was applied to the plant generally, and the latter to the flower."

The little blue flower, forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*), about which so many romantic and sentimental associations have clustered, owes its name\* to the legends told of its talismanic virtues. Its magic qualities are described in many of the German legends, the substance of which may be summed up as follows: A traveller on a bleak and lonely mountain unexpectedly picks up a little blue flower, which he sticks in his hat. Forthwith there appears before him an entrance into a magnificent hall, where rubies and diamonds and all kinds of precious stones are piled up in great heaps. Whilst eagerly filling his pockets with these, his hat falls from his head, and as he at length, heavily laden with his treasure, turns to go out, the little flower calls after him, "Forget me not." Bewildered, however, with his good fortune, he pays no heed to the voice of the flower, nor is he even conscious that his head is bare. As he passes through the doorway, the mountain closes amid the clashing of thunder, and cuts off his right heel. Once more on the lonely mountain top, he soon becomes aware of this strange adventure, and again searches, but in vain, for the mysterious entrance to the golden hall, which can never be found. Sometimes, says Mr. Fiske, it is a white lady, like the Princess Ilse, who invites the finder of the luck-flower to help himself to her treasures, and who utters the enigmatical warning. Mill, in his "History of Chivalry," quotes an old and well-known legend respecting the name of this flower. Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake one fine summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of the myosotis growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to have them, when her knight plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped a handful of the wished-for plant. His strength, however, was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he cried "Forget me not!" and was buried in the waters.

Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," gives another origin. Speaking of Henry of Lancaster, she says: "This royal adventurer, the banished and aspiring Lancaster, appears to have been the person who gave to the myosotis its emblematical and poetical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of SS, with the

initial letter of his *mot*, or watchword, 'Souveigne vous de moy,' thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York and Lancaster, and Stewart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, an historical flower. Few of those who, at parting, exchange this simple, touching appeal, are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was, perhaps, indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England."

One of our eminent botanists, disregarding such romantic tales as these, considers that the true significance of the name is due to the bright blue tint and yellow eye of this pretty flower, which, if once seen, is not likely to be forgotten. Thus Coleridge describes it:—

" By rivulet or wet roadside,  
That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook,  
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not."

The term "forget-me-not" was formerly applied to the speedwell, from its corolla falling off and flying away as soon as it is gathered,—"speedwell" being a common form of valediction in days gone by, and equivalent to our "farewell" or "good-bye." Another popular nickname of the forget-me-not is the mouse-ear scorpion grass.

The sunflower, which is much grown in cottage gardens for its showy appearance, is so-called from its resembling, says Gerarde, the radiant beams of the sun. Many fabulous properties are assigned to it, such as its flower turning to face the sun, a popular fallacy alluded to by Moore:—

" The sunflower turns on her god when he sets,  
The same look which she turned when he rose."

It is said to be a preventive against fever, and has been grown on the Continent in fenny districts. The following paragraph is from the "Swiss Times":—

"All those who live in malarial districts should, if possible, test the asserted influence of sunflower cultivation in removing the sources of fever. German, Italian, and French savans have testified as to its efficacy in this respect. An account comes to us from Holland of a landowner on the low banks of the Scheldt, who planted three or four plots of sunflowers a few yards from his house with such effect that for ten years there has not been a case of miasmatic fever among the tenants on his property,\* though the disease continues to prevail in the neighbourhood. The seed of the sunflower is said to be a valuable food for poultry, and is believed to give it a gamey flavour. The early Spanish invaders of Peru discovered, in the Temples of the Sun, various representations of the sunflower in pure gold, "the workmanship of which was so exquisite as to far outvalue the precious metal of which they were made."†

The common vervain, which grows plentifully in the summer months by country roadside hedges, and frequently on old walls, was held sacred among the ancients, and entered largely into their sacred rites, as well as their divinations. Drayton alludes to the practice of the Roman heralds wearing a wreath of this plant when they were despatched with a message of war or peace to another country:—

" A wreath of vervain heralds wear,  
Amongst our garlands named,  
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,  
Offensive war proclaimed."

\* See "Once a Week," July 24th, 1869; December 13th, 1869.  
† "Flower Lore," p. 210.

It was anciently called "holy herb," because, says Dioscorides, it was considered "good in expiations for making amulets." It was also much used for decorating altars. Another of its popular names is Juno's tears. In some places it is still called pigeon's grass. Its reputation in Ben Jonson's time was sufficient for him to write,—

" Bring your garlands, and with reverence place  
The vervain on the altar."

Dryden, too, from the following lines, would seem to indicate that it was formerly used for food :—

" Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found,  
Which, cultivated with his daily care,  
And, bruised with vervain, were his daily fare."

It is said to be an antidote against melancholy, and the accompanying Italian recipe "against melancholy" is amusing :—" In order that the melancholy man may be gay, take some leaves of vervain, and boil them in good white wine, and let him drink of this wine; or some of this plant may be put into his soup, and he will be always gay. Moreover, take some juniper berries, put them on hot embers, and inhale the smoke through the nose and mouth, and it will always make thee feel merry." The Germans, we are informed, even at the present day, present a hat of vervain to the newly-married bride. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," informs us that this plant was supposed to prevent the evil influence of witchcraft :—

" Vervain and dill,  
Hinder witches from their will."

A flower that brightens up the cornfield with its bright blue blossom is the corn bluebottle, or as it is called in Scotland, blawort, or blue bonnet. It has been termed also "hurt sickle," because, says Culpeper, "with its hard wiry stem it turneth the edge of the sickle that reapeth the corn." It receives its Latin name, *Centaurea*, because, according to an old legend, the centaur Chiron cured himself of a wound received in the foot from Hercules. Another flower that gracefully adorns the cornfields is the red poppy, called sometimes the corn-rose. It has many nicknames, which vary in different counties. Some of its most popular names are headache, red-weed, corn-poppy, and canker-rose. The term headache is applied to it because its bright red colour is supposed to have injurious effects on the head. It has also been nicknamed "Joan's Silverpin," because, says Parkinson, alluding to its showy flower and staining juice, "it is fair without and foul within." According to Forby, the term "Joan's Silverpin" means, among "the East Anglians, a single article of finery produced occasionally and ostentatiously among dirt and sluttiness." The ancients considered no cornfield good which had not a sprinkling of red poppies, and at a harvest thanksgiving the ears of corn and the seeds of the poppy were among the offerings presented to Ceres. It has generally been regarded as a symbol of death, and has hence been called "the sister of sleep." Spenser, describing the garden of Proserpina, says :—

" There mournful eypress grew in greatest store,  
And trees of bitter gall, and heben sad,  
Dead-sleeping poppy, and black hellebore."

Shakespeare mentions it once in his "Othello" (Act III, Sc. 3). Many curious legends and traditions are

connected with the poppy plant. Theocritus tells us that the silken petals of the poppy prove talismans for Cupid, thus :—

" By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found  
Your changed affection, for it gave no sound,  
Though in my hand struck hollow as it lay,  
But quickly withered like your love away."

The opium poppy was cultivated by the ancients in the time of Dioscorides, and Homer mentions it as being valuable for assuaging the agonies of wounded heroes. In the East, poppy seeds are frequently sprinkled on sweetmeats and cakes. Kitto supposes that the cracknels spoken of in the First Book of Kings, sent by Jeroboam as a present to the prophet Ahijah, were a kind of cake sprinkled over in this manner with poppy seeds.

The corn-cockle is often found in the cornfields along with the poppies. It is not a popular plant with the farmers, being said to do mischief to the wheat, because its seed gets mixed with the corn. It from the earliest times seems to have had a bad character. Job says, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley." Shakespeare makes "Coriolanus" (Act III, Sc. 1) say—

" We nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle of rebellion."

The idea here, of course, is that the cockle grows up with and chokes the corn. The same notion occurs in North's Plutarch :—" Moreover, he said that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and cockle of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people." Spenser speaks in the same strain :—

" And thus of all my harvest-hope I have  
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care,  
Which when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,  
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley bare."

In Northamptonshire it is known as the corn-pink, and in some places is called the corn-campion.

\* Some think the poppy is here alluded to.

#### SWISS HIGHLANDS AND DUTCH LOWLANDS.

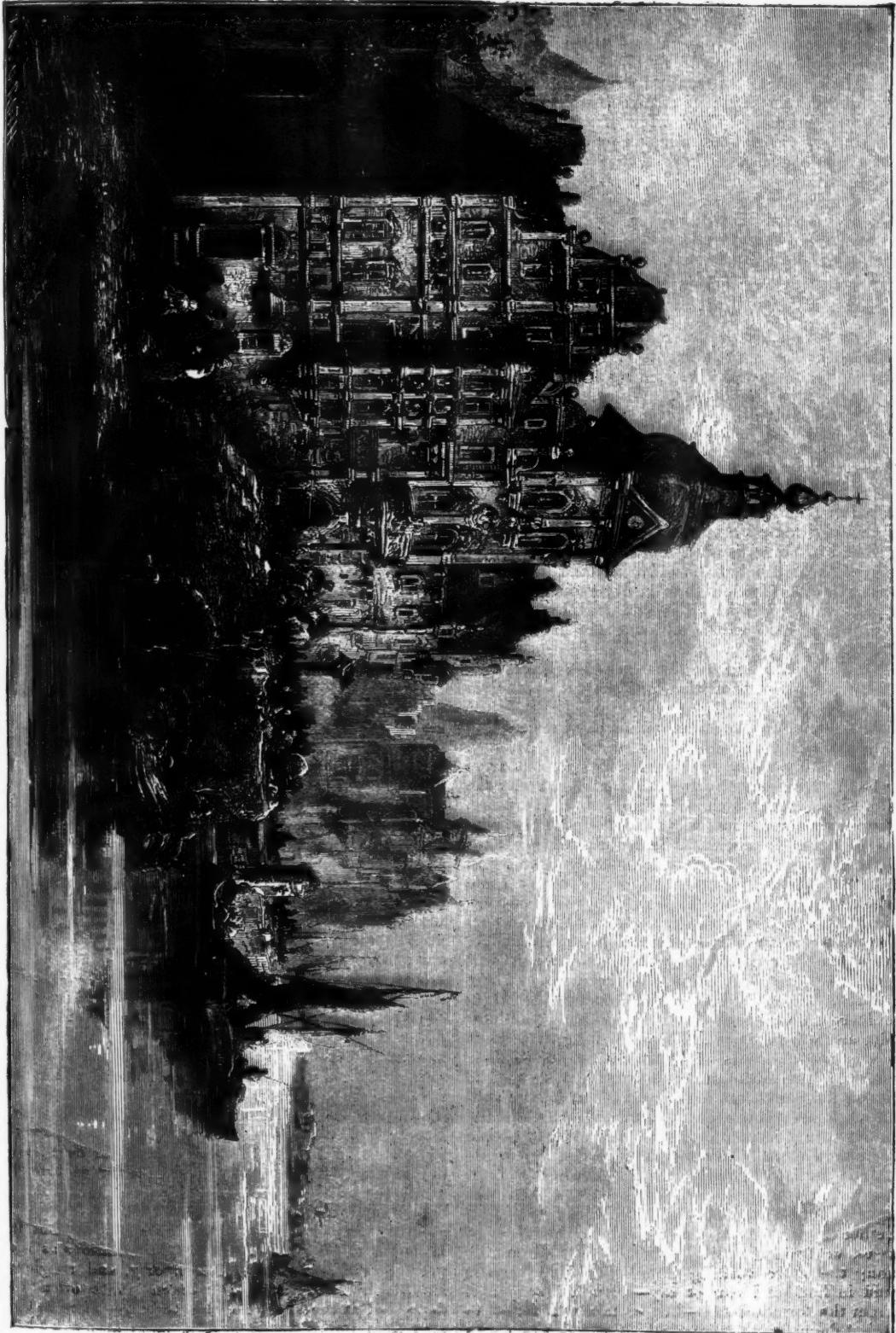
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

I.

I HAD so often passed by Holland, on my way to the Alps, that this last year, instead of rushing through France by express train, I determined to stop at Rotterdam and thence spend a week in the flattest before proceeding to the highest parts of Europe. And we were meteorologically so unfortunate in our Swiss tour—it rained so prodigiously in the valleys, and the clouds were so thick on the hills—that I came back with a disposition to see the worst in a country which I had often visited with pleasure. The loss of spirits caused by wet defiles, misty mountains, sloppy roads, slippery paths, damp tourists, disappointed climbers, and grumbling natives appeared to make me perceive the depressing influence which peaks, passes, and glaciers must have upon those who are continually surrounded by them, and have had to endure not merely occasional bad summers, but inevitable bitter winters, *time out* of mind.

Thus I found myself comparing Holland with

A SCENE IN AMSTERDAM.



Switzerland, and thinking the inhabitants of the former country better placed than those of the latter. Before I venture on any expansion of this sentiment, which must seem grossly heretical to some who associate a visit to Switzerland with the most agreeable impressions they have received on the Continent of Europe, let me jot down a few of my Dutch ones. The country did not strike me as particularly clean. There are some show-villages always being scrubbed, and I certainly saw a woman wash the paws of a little dog before he was allowed to set foot on the deck of his master's barge after jumping ashore on the quay; but the prevailing idea of the whole place is muddy; and when mud is dry it means dust—and dirty dust too. Certainly there is plenty of water, and you have not to dig far to find an abundant supply of it. You fancy you have only to thrust the point of your stick or umbrella into the ground in order to create a little fountain. A man walking across the country with a wooden leg might, methinks, be tracked by a line of jets. Water over your head on the other side of the dams, ditches brimful of water instead of hedges, canals everywhere, water under your feet ready, it would seem, to squirt up on the least provocation. But the water itself does not look clean or smell clean. How can it, when every ditch, river, and canal has a bottom of several feet of soft black mud, which, especially in the neighbourhood of towns, is always being stirred up by the long poles of the bargemen? Holland is wholly made of mud. Part of this is dry enough to walk on, and grow grass which is munched by countless herds of piebald cattle all over the face of the country.

We will now pass from these general impressions to some other aspects of life which present themselves to the passer-by.

The trade of Holland is not what it once was, but, barring the Hague, the towns seemed to be busy. The first thing which struck us in looking out from the hotel in which we stopped at Rotterdam was the manifest business which still survived in the place. Close under our window was a canal—there is always a canal under your window in Dutch cities—with a bridge crossing it which was incessantly opening in the middle and tilting up its two halves to let some masted vessel through. Though this was done very quickly, the interrupted traffic of foot and wheel accumulated so rapidly on either side of the bridge, that on settling down again into its place it was immediately black with a crossing mob. There appeared, too, to be no idlers among the high-shouldered, broad-backed crowd; all had something to do, and were doing it. The next thing that struck me was the closeness of Dutch merchants to their business. The docks and the west end seemed to meet on the quays, the lower part of handsome, substantial houses being devoted to offices, while the families of not merely well-to-do but wealthy people lived above them. The merchant having commerce with the Indies can look upon his great ships from his drawing-room window, and have the men who empty and reload them literally under his eye. And whether it comes from this residential nearness of classes, or from a radically better state of morals among the shore-working population here than is found in London I cannot say—though I suspect it is from the former cause—but certainly I failed to see that degrading *entourage* which marks the docks of our metropolis, and where even the office, much

more the dwelling-house of the merchant, is far removed from the spot where his ships lie, and which directly represents the source of his wealth. I must say that, during a twenty-four hours' stay in Rotterdam, though I wandered about the quays and neighbouring streets, great and small, I did not see a drunken man nor any woman who, by her carriage at least, appeared to be otherwise than an honest one. Dutchmen are not teetotalers, and there was many a "Bier Haus" (or beerhouse) to be seen, but these latter had mostly an air of comparative refinement about them, which showed a marked contrast to the glaring gin-shops in the neighbourhood of the London Docks. There was no blear-eyed fringe of sots and idlers about the door nor noise of riot from within.

Surely the immediate propinquity of rich and poor dwellings, and the constant presence in the crowded streets of the members of the families of the upper commercial class, must have the effect of keeping a place at least outwardly decent. It is the wide separation of the East from the West of London, and the habit among those most engaged in commerce of living far away from their place of business, which creates much of what is called the squalor of many parts of our great city. And when once a place has anywise the character of being degraded, the few socially superior families who remain are the more tempted to fit. Then the master of the household, who runs in by train or omnibus, puts up with scenes of unseemliness which do not interrupt the transaction of business, knowing that he has a refined or quiet home, to which he returns from the rough surroundings of his work, of which his wife and children know nothing. Meanwhile the families of the decent poor are left to witness, by day and night, the grosser phases of life in such a neighbourhood as immediately surrounds, say the London Docks, with its fringe of sailors on leave, and are likely enough to have their perception of indecency more and more blunted as families of education and leisure are withdrawn from their midst. The sight of the handsome dwellings of the wealthy merchants of Rotterdam, whose upper windows looked upon the masts and yards of big ships, and whose households necessarily mingled with the busy crowd upon the quays, forced upon me a keen realisation of one of the most socially mischievous results which follow from the wide separation of great classes of the community in our metropolis.

The enormous size of London is fatal to its social communion. Its carcass is too big to have any *esprit de corps*. It is not a structure, but a heap of bricks. Here, in the Dutch cities, their old civic and commercial life was not spoiled by their material extension, and thus wholesome signs of social coherence survive. What I saw in Rotterdam to this effect, struck me also in the other chief cities of Holland. But busy though they still seem to be to a passer-by, one could not help feeling a sense of decadence in thinking of the almost inconceivable throes through which the inhabitants of this "low land, nether land, hollow land, or Holland" have passed, not merely in securing any dry place at all to stand on, but in taking a mighty position among the nations as the promoters of commerce, civil liberty, and religious freedom. Thoughtful Dutchmen must often be depressed at the suspicion that they live more in the past than in the present. The moss of history has begun to gather thick upon their walls and institu-

tutions. We read with so much admiration of what Holland has done, that we perhaps expect to see more striking signs of life than we have any right to expect as we traverse its dead flats and look upon its silent canals. The precise resemblance between many of the ships two hundred years old which still sail on the canvas of pictures in its museums, and divers of those which are now being built in and launched from its dockyards, appears to suggest the presence of that repose which must needs follow long strains and sharp spasms of national energy. If any people have earned a deep sleep it is the Dutch. Still, as I have said, it was evident that much business was yet in hand, though this I thought showed itself more at Rotterdam than elsewhere. Anyhow, slow growth generally involves long life. Let us believe that this remains to Holland.

I was curious to observe what relics of protest against popery may be found in such equipment and use of churches as are patent to a passer-by, and thus bent my steps to the "Groote Kerk," or Great Church of Rotterdam, with much interest. This was consecrated in 1477, or, speaking roughly, some one hundred years before the yearnings for Dutch liberty, civil and religious, came to a head. It is "adapted" from Roman Catholic to Protestant use after an internal fashion which seems to rejoice in defying its original usage. The building itself is Gothic and spacious, though architecturally not to be compared with the best cathedrals of Belgium. Now the body of the church is filled with ugly pews, all looking towards a central pulpit, and surrounded by a high painted and grained hoarding, obviously intended to keep the draught from the unused part of the place out of the necks of the sitters. The building is not open for private devotion. Just inside the main door where on the Continent one expects to see a receptacle for holy water, sat a man at a table, smoking a pipe. He demanded twopence as we essayed to enter farther into the church. The choir or chancel was divided off by a double iron railing, within which the space once occupied by the high altar was aesthetically bare. A small wooden table was set in a corner, apparently for use at the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We all know the intensity of the earnestness and bitterness of the pains with which this part of the Low Countries repudiated Romanism, but the importunate internal ugliness of the Groote Kerk of Rotterdam seemed needlessly staring. At the same time a curious recognition of the past might be seen within its walls. There was high scaffolding in the choir, whereon masons were at work in the restoration of some of the capitals of the stone columns. It was not substantial but decorative repair that was going on, and yet there appeared no indication whatever, not the slightest conceivable, of any revival of what is called Catholic usage or sentiment in the belongings or treatment of the church. A party of the masons' children, who seemed to have brought in their fathers' dinners, were having a noisy game of romps about the old church screen, in a fashion which showed that they knew nothing whatever of any cassocked sacristan. The only visible attendant was the man who sat smoking his pipe inside the door. The church was glaringly whitewashed. An enormous organ spread itself over nearly the whole breadth of the west end of the nave, but the ear alone seemed to be regarded. No colour in window or on wall offered any accompaniment to this huge promise of sound. The pulpit was the

focus of the place, the centre of respect. A canopy over it was fitted with a gas sun-burner giving straight down upon the preacher, so that, hindered by no upright standards, the congregation might have a full view of himself as they heard his sermon. This was the spot of brilliance in the building.

How significant of sentiment is the internal structure and fitting of a church! When this one was built the chief light was the lamp burning before the pyx, over the high altar. Now, in the course of religious revolution, the star has mounted over where the preacher is set. I wondered what the faint phase of that "renovation" meant which was evidenced by the workmen touching up the stone carvings of the chancel. Well, anyhow the industry and decency of the streets seemed to indicate that some wholesome moral influences were at work in Rotterdam. Having left the church, and presently standing back from the rain in an archway, I had a long talk with a native about the social state of the place, and especially the administration of charity. Though we saw no beggars, there are, of course, poor in the town, and my acquaintance, who told me that he was on an administrative charitable committee, said that the first test of applicants for relief was the attendance of their children at school. He spoke English very fluently, though with a curious misuse of words. He informed me that a fair, then being held, had been banished to some fields outside the town because the tramps who attended it had once brought "yellow" fever into the place. He meant "scarlet." And, on my remarking that the heels and toes of the horses' shoes were so much turned up as to give the animals the appearance of walking on pattens, he said that this was to hinder them from "sinking through" the stones. He meant "slipping on" them; but the use of the wrong word by one who spoke English without the slightest hesitation, and seemed to know even the formulae of "committee" language, might give a qualm of self-reproach or suspicion to some who air their fragmentary ungendered French and German with confidence, and without producing even a smile in the faces of those whom they address.

One agreeable characteristic of Dutch towns is the abundance of trees by the side of the canals, but seldom with seats beneath them. Though we associate much "sitting down" with Dutchmen, I suppose they are too busy to do it out of doors.

We went to the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam by rail, stopping as we pleased. The train seems to have killed the track boats in Holland as it has the coaches in our own country. I wanted to have travelled part of the way at least by one of these passenger barges, but was told that they had generally been "taken off" the canals. One still runs, however, for the short distance between the Hague and Scheveningen, its watering-place, and we went by it. As a survivor of a race it enabled us to appreciate the exceeding quietness of this mode of travelling, which seems chiefly to arise from the great distance of the horse from the track boat he tows. Thus the boat seems to have no obvious and immediate mode of progression. You slip along without sail or steam. There is no pulse of the oar, no patter of the paddle, no wriggle of the screw. The horse in front seems too far off to belong to you. You slide silently between mud banks, past patient anglers, whose floats curtesy with deceptive dip as the wash of your track boat reaches them. The

passengers sit in a low cabin, or on its roof, on forms which seem to have come out of the smallest of infant-school rooms. I was wondering why they should be so very low when we reached a bridge, which barely allowed them passage beneath it, and would have scraped any sitters clean off, or spread them on the roof of the cabin like jam. Scheveningen—it is spelt in divers ways, like the Hague, which is called indifferently, "La Haye," "S'Gravenhage," and "Den Haag"—is the sandiest place in the world. Built seaward of the gritty Dunes, with sand behind and sand before, it is the fashionable watering-place of Holland. Its modern houses and hotels—the old village lies somewhat inland, despising sea views—are very square and ugly, but seem to drive a good trade. The company sit on the beach, concealed in huge wicker chairs, like those of hall-porters, which admirably fence off sun and wind, till the rising tide drives them out, and the proprietors move the fringe higher up. Thus they seem to spend their time in playing at so many Canutes till the next meal is due. Beside the

fashionable Dutch we saw here many peasant women and children, whose Batavian proportions it would be impossible for the artist to caricature. I am sure that some of the children measured more across than any other way. Of course this was partly owing to stiff, bulgy garments, but their wearers had no more waists than the ends of so many barges.

After dawdling about for some weeks or so, visiting the picture galleries by day, and being almost devoured by mosquitos at night, we rushed by express train to Switzerland. But even at high speed it takes long to leave the flats of Holland. Their continuous flatness leaves a very distinct impression on the mind of universal wet immediately beneath the feet, even at the driest times. The making of a well seems as if it might be the work of a minute, like the digging up of a potato. Amsterdam, as every one knows, is built on piles. There are 300 bridges in the town, and several feet of mud everywhere beneath its stagnant waters. There is no "fall" in Holland. The rapid Rhine sneaks into the sea by sluggish canals.

### THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER X.—AN ARTICLE FROM "UNSERE CENTURIE," A GERMAN REVIEW.

A MONTH before the period at which the events we have just related occurred, a review, in a salmon-coloured wrapper, entitled "Our Century," published the following article on the subject of Frankville, an article which was particularly relished by the fastidious people of the German Empire, perhaps because it only studied that city from a purely material point of view:

"We have already given our readers an account of the extraordinary phenomenon which has been produced on the western coast of the United States. The great American republic, owing to the large proportion of emigrants included in its population, has for long accustomed the world to a succession of surprises; but the last, and certainly the most singular, is that of a city named Frankville. Though the very idea of it did not exist five years ago, it is now flourishing, and in the highest degree of prosperity.

"This marvellous city has risen as if by enchantment on the balmy shores of the Pacific. We will not inquire whether it is true, as we are assured that the first plan and idea of this enterprise belongs to a Frenchman, Dr. Sarrasin. The thing is possible, as this doctor may boast a distant relationship with our illustrious King of Steel. We may also say, in passing, it is rumoured that a considerable inheritance, which should properly have come to Herr Schultz, has had something to do with the founding of Frankville. Wherever any good springs up in the world, we may be certain it is from German seed; this is a truth we are proud of stating whenever an opportunity offers. But, however that may be, we now wish to give our readers some precise and authentic details on the spontaneous vegetation of a model city.

"It is useless to look for its name on the map. Even the great atlas in three hundred and seventy-eight folio volumes, by our eminent Tuchtigmann, in

which every thicket and clump of trees in the Old and New World are put in with such exactitude, even this noble monument to geographical science, designed for the use of sharpshooters, does not bear the least trace of Frankville.

"The place where the new city now stands was five years ago a complete desert. The exact spot lies 43° 11' 3" north latitude, and 124° 41' 17" west longitude.

"It will be seen that this is on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and at the foot of the secondary chain of the Rocky Mountains, called the Cascade Mountains, sixty miles to the north of White Cape, Oregon State, North America.

"The most advantageous site has been carefully sought and chosen from among a number of others. The prominent reasons for its adoption are the temperate climate of the northern hemisphere, which has always been at the head of terrestrial civilisation; its position, in the middle of a federative republic, and in a still new State, which has allowed it to secure its independence and rights similar to those possessed by the principality of Monaco in Europe, on the condition that after a certain number of years it would enter the Union. Its situation on the ocean, which is becoming more and more the great highway of the globe; the varied, fertile, and salubrious nature of the soil; the proximity of a chain of mountains, sheltering it from the north, south, and east winds, leaving to the fresh Pacific breeze the care of renovating the atmosphere of the city; the possession of a little river, whose fresh, sweet, clear water, oxygenated by repeated falls, and by the rapidity of its course, arrives perfectly pure at the sea; lastly, a natural port, formed by a long curved promontory, which may easily be enlarged by moles.

"A few secondary advantages may be mentioned, such as the proximity of fine marble and stone quarries, bearings of kaolin, and even traces of auriferous

women would be sure than less than going to more

visitors almost by high Holland. It immediately

The work of mister There is mud into

ore. In fact, this last detail was almost the cause of the site being given up, for the founders of the town feared that the gold fever might come in the way of their plans. Fortunately, however, the nuggets were found to be small and not numerous.

"The choice of a territory, although determined upon after serious and close study, took but a few days, and was not made the subject of a special expedition. Science is now so far advanced, that, without leaving his study, a man may gather exact and particular information about the most distant regions.

"This point decided, two commissioners of the organisation committee took the first boat from Liverpool, arrived in eleven days at New York, in seven more at San Francisco, where they chartered a steamer, which in ten hours landed them on the proposed site.

"To come to terms with the legislature of Oregon, to obtain a grant of twelve miles of land on the shores of the sea on the crest of the Cascade Mountains, to indemnify with a few millions of dollars the half-dozen planters who had some real or supposed rights on the ground, all this business did not take more than a month.

"By January, 1872, the territory was already surveyed, measured, laid out, and an army of twenty thousand Chinese coolies, under the direction of five hundred overseers and European engineers, were hard at work. Placards posted up all over the State of California, an advertisement van permanently attached to the rapid train, which starts every morning from San Francisco to traverse the American continent, and a daily article in the twenty-three newspapers of that town, was sufficient to insure the recruiting of the labourers. It was not even found necessary to resort to the expedient of publishing on a grand scale, by means of gigantic letters sculptured on the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, that men were wanted. It must be said that the influx of Chinese coolies into western America had just at this time caused much perturbation in the labour market. Several States had, in the interest of their own popu-

lation, actually expelled these unfortunate people *en masse*. The building of Frankville came just in time to save them from perishing. Their wages, fixed at a dollar a day, were not to be paid them until the works were finished, and their rations were distributed by the municipal administration. Thus all the disorder and shameful speculations, which so often attend any great displacement of population, were avoided. The wages were deposited every week, in the presence of delegates, in the great Bank at San Francisco, and every coolie was warned that when he drew it out he was not to return. This precaution was absolutely necessary to get rid of a yellow population, which would otherwise have infallibly lowered the tone and standard of the new city. The founders having, besides, reserved the right of granting or refusing permission to live there, the application of this measure was comparatively easy.

"The first great enterprise was the establishment of a branch railway, connecting the territory of the new town with the trunk of the Pacific railroad, and running to Sacramento. These works, and those of the harbour, were pushed on with extraordinary activity. In April, the first train direct from New York brought to the Frankville terminus the members of the committee, who, until this



THE FRANKVILLE RAILWAY.

time, had remained in Europe.

"In this interval, the general plan of the town, the details of habitations and public monuments had been stopped.

"This was not from want of materials; from the very first, American industry had hastened to load the quays of Frankville with every imaginable article for building. It was merely the difficulty of choice. The founders at last decided that the freestone should be reserved for national edifices and general ornamentation, and that all houses should be built of brick. Not, it must be understood, of common, roughly-moulded, half-baked bricks, but light, well-shaped ones, regular in size, weight, and density, and pierced from end to end with a series of cylin-

drical and parallel holes. These bricks, when placed together thus, allowed the air to circulate freely throughout the walls of the building.\* This arrangement had at the same time the valuable effect of deadening sounds, and giving complete independence to each apartment.

"The committee did not wish to impose a model on the builders. They were averse to a wearisome and insipid uniformity, and merely gave a certain number of fixed rules, to which the architects were bound to adhere.

"1st.—Each house to stand alone in a plot of ground planted with trees, grass, and flowers, and to be inhabited by a single family.

"2nd.—No house to be more than two storeys high: air and light must not be monopolised by some, to the detriment of others.

"3rd.—Every house must be set back ten yards from the road, and divided from it by a breast-high railing. The space between the building and the railing must be laid out as a garden.

"4th.—The walls to be built of the patent tubular bricks, similar to the model. All ornamentation to be left to the taste of the architect.

"5th.—The roofs to be in terraces, slightly inclined from the four sides, covered with bitumen, surrounded by a balustrade high enough to render accidents impossible, and proper canals made for the passing off of rain-water.

"6th.—All the houses must be built on a vaulted foundation, open on each side, and thus forming under the ground-floor a subsoil of aération, as well as a hall. All water-pipes must be exposed, running up the central pillar, in such a way that it may be always easy to ascertain their state, and in case of fire, to be able to obtain the necessary water immediately. The floor of this hall, rising about three inches above the level of the road, must be properly gravelled. A door and a special staircase will place it in direct communication with the kitchens and offices, so that all household transactions may go on without offending either the eyes or the nose.

"7th.—The kitchens and offices will, contrary to the usual custom, be placed in the upper storey, and in communication with the terrace. A lift, moved by mechanical force, which, like artificial light and water, will be supplied at reduced prices to the inhabitants, will easily convey all loads to this level.

"8th.—The plan of the rooms is left to individual taste. But two dangerous elements of illness, regular nests of miasmas and laboratories of poisons, are pitilessly proscribed—carpets and painted papers. The floors, beautifully inlaid with valuable woods by clever workmen, would be quite wasted were they hidden under a woollen cloth of doubtful cleanliness. The walls, lined with polished bricks, present the brilliancy and variety of the inner apartments of Pompeii, with a luxury of colour which painted paper, charged with its thousand subtle poisons, could never reach. They are washed as windows are washed, and rubbed like ceilings and floors. Not even a germ of anything harmful can be harboured there.

"9th.—Each bedroom is distinct from the dressing-room. It cannot be too much recommended that this apartment, where a third of a man's life is passed, should be the largest, the most airy, and at the same time the most simple. It must only be used for sleep;

four chairs, an iron bedstead, supplied with two frequently-beaten mattresses, is the only necessary furniture. Eiderdown quilts and heavy coverlets, powerful allies of epidemics, are excluded as a matter of course. Good woollen coverings, light and warm, and easily washed, replace them well. Though curtains and draperies are not absolutely forbidden, it is recommended that, if used, they should be made of washing materials.

"10th.—Each room may be warmed, according to fancy, by wood or coal; but to every chimney is a corresponding opening to the outer air. The smoke, instead of issuing through the roof, is led away by subterranean pipes to special furnaces, established outside the town, at the back of the houses, at the rate of a furnace to every two hundred inhabitants. There it is deprived of the particles of carbon which it bears, and is discharged in a colourless state into the air, at a height of thirty-five yards. Such are the ten rules imposed on the building of each particular house.

"The general arrangements are no less carefully studied.

"The plan of the town is essentially simple and regular, the roads crossing at right angles, at equal distances of a uniform width, planted with trees, and numbered.

"Some of the roads being wider, are then called boulevards or avenues, and leave on one side rails for tramways and metropolitan railways. Public gardens are numerous and ornamented with fine copies of the masterpieces of sculpture, until the artists of Frankville have produced original pieces worthy to replace them.

"Every industry and trade is free.

"Any one wishing to have the right of living in Frankville must give good references, be fit to follow a useful or liberal profession in industry, science, or the arts, and must engage to keep the laws of the town. An idle life would not be tolerated there.

"There are already a large number of public edifices. The most important are the Cathedral, chapels, museums, libraries, schools, and gymnasiums, fitted up with the luxury and hygienic skill worthy of a great city.

"It is needless to say that from the age of four years all children are obliged to follow physical and intellectual exercises, calculated to develop the brain and muscles. They are also accustomed to such strict cleanliness, that they consider a spot on their simple clothes quite a disgrace.

"Individual and collective cleanliness is the great idea of the founders of Frankville. To clean, clean unceasingly, to destroy the miasmas which are constantly emanating from a large community, such is the principal work of the central government. For this purpose, all the contents of the drains are led out of the town, condensed, and daily transferred to the fields.

"Water flows everywhere in abundance.

"The streets are paved with bitumated wood; and the stone footpaths are as spotless as a courtyard in Holland. The provision markets are subject to strict surveillance, and any merchants who dare to speculate on the public health incur the severest penalties. The man who sells a bad egg, damaged meat, or a pint of adulterated milk, is simply treated as the poisoner he really is. This necessary and delicate office is confided to experienced men, who receive a special education for it. Their jurisdiction

\* These plans, as well as the general idea, are borrowed from Doctor Benjamin Ward Richardson, Fellow of the Royal Society, London.

extends to the very laundries, which are on a large scale, provided with steam-engines, artificial dryers, and, above all, with disinfecting rooms. No body-linen is sent back to its owners without being thoroughly bleached, and special care is taken never to mix the washing of two families. This simple precaution is of great value. Hospitals are few in number, for the system of house nursing is general, and they are reserved for homeless strangers and exceptional cases. The idea of making the hospital larger than any other building, and of putting seven or eight hundred patients under one roof, so as to make a centre of infection, would not enter the head of the founders of this model city. They try to isolate the sick as much as possible. This is the plan pursued in the houses, the hospitals being merely for the temporary accommodation of the most pressing cases.

"Twenty or thirty patients at most, each having a separate apartment, are put into these light barracks, which are built of fir-wood, and burnt regularly every year. They have, besides, the advantage of being easily carried from one part of the town to another as they are wanted, and, being all on one model, can be multiplied to any extent.

"Another ingenious innovation is that of a body of experienced nurses, specially trained for the purpose, and always at the disposal of the public. These women, being carefully chosen, are most valuable and devoted aids to the doctors. They bring into the bosom of families that practical knowledge so necessary and yet so often absent; in the time of danger it is their mission to prevent the spread of the disease as well as to tend the sick.

"We should never finish were we to attempt to enumerate all the hygienic perfections inaugurated by the founders of this new town. On his arrival each citizen is presented with a small pamphlet, in which the most important principles of a life regulated according to science are set forth in clear and simple language.

"He is there told that the perfect equilibrium of all the functions is one of the necessities for health; that work and rest are equally indispensable; that fatigue is as necessary for the brain as for the muscles; that nine-tenths of the illnesses are owing to contagion transmitted by air and food. He cannot surround his dwelling and his person with too many sanatory precautions. To avoid the use of exciting poisons, to practise bodily exercises, to conscientiously perform every day some appointed duty, to drink pure water, to eat fresh meat and vegetables simply prepared, to sleep regularly seven or eight hours a night, such is the A B C of health.

"Beginning from the first principles laid down by the founders, we have been led on to speak of this singular city as already finished. It is indeed so; the first houses built, the others rose as if by magic. A man should have previously visited the far west in order to realise the wonderful change. The site that was a desert in the month of January, 1872, contained six thousand houses in 1873. In 1874 it possessed nine thousand, and all public edifices complete.

"Speculation has certainly had its part in this unheard-of success. The ground having cost nothing, the houses could be sold or let at very moderate prices. There being no taxes, the political independence of this isolated little territory, its novelty, and the pleasant climate, all contributed to induce emigration. At the present time Frankville contains nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants.

"But to us the most interesting part of it is that the result of the sanatory experiment is conclusive.

"Whilst the annual mortality in the most favoured towns of Europe or the New World has never been less than three per cent., in Frankville for these five years the average has been one and a half. Even this figure was increased by a slight fever epidemic during the first summer. That of the last year was only one and a quarter. And a more important circumstance still, is that, with but a few exceptions, all the deaths actually registered were due to specific and hereditary affections. Accidental illnesses have been at once infinitely rarer, and less dangerous, than in any other great centre. As to epidemics, properly so called, nothing has been seen or heard of them.

"It will be interesting to follow the development of this attempt, and certainly curious to discover if the influence of this scientific *régime* may not in the course of a generation, or, more likely still, after several generations, weaken hereditary and morbid predispositions.

"It is assuredly not too much to hope,' as one of the founders has written, 'and if so, what may not be the grandeur of the result! Men living to ninety or a hundred years, and then only dying of old age, as do the greater number of animals and plants.'

"There is something enchanting in such a dream! Nevertheless, if we may be allowed to express our sincere opinion, we have but an indifferent belief in the positive success of this experiment. We see in it an original and probably fatal flaw, which is its being in the hands of a committee in which the Latin element prevails, and from which the German element has been systematically excluded. It is a bad symptom. Since the world began nothing durable has been made but by Germany, and without her nothing perfect can be effected. The founders of Frankville may clear the ground, and elucidate some special points; though not on this spot in America, but on the borders of Syria, shall we one day see the true model city arise."

#### AARON OF YORK.

AT the Third Annual Provincial Meeting of the Law Institution, held at Manchester in October last, the members enlivened the routine of strictly professional subjects by some legal antiquarian lore, amongst which was a paper on "Medieval Deeds." One of these, a release by Aaron of York, in the reign of Henry III, curiously illustrates a purchase deed of the prophet Jeremiah.

The first deed combined a mortgage of real estate, a bill of sale, as we should say, of chattels, and an obligation by Thomas le Lung, who was Servient or Serjeant of the Prior and Convent of Durham, on their estates at Allerton, to pay interest, at about forty-four per cent. per annum, to Aaron of York, the Jew, for a loan of six pounds, which will bring to mind the Isaac of York in "Ivanhoe."

No. 2. A curious deed, or Jewish document, called a "Starrum," or "Starr," the meaning of which term I will explain hereafter.

"I Aaron the Jew of York acknowledge by this my present Starr, that I have quit-claimed to Hugh, Prior of Durham and his successors, all the lands which at any time belonged to Thomas the Serjeant

of Alverton, in the vill of Alverton and in all other places. So that neither I the said Aaron, nor my heirs, nor any other Jew for us, anything against the said land, or against anything to the said land belonging can enforce, by reason of any debt, plaint, suit or demand in which the same Thomas was ever beholden to me by charters, indentures, or by any other instruments, either on his account or as surety for others, from the beginning of the world to the end of time, and especially by a certain charter which speaks under my name, and under the name of the said Thomas the Serjeant of Alverton, concerning six pounds sterling, from the term of the feasts of the Apostles Peter and Paul, in the year of grace one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven; and if it happen that a charter, foot-piece, tally, or any other instrument in my name and under the name of the said Thomas, be found in or out of the Archives of the Lord the King, that it shall have no force and be of no value. Be it also known that I, Aaron, am bound to enrol this quitclaim at the Court of our Lord the King before the justiciars assigned for the custody of the Jews.

"These being witnesses, Sir Richard Morin, Knight, Adam le Cerf, then Mayor of York, Richard de Vesey, then Constable of York, Sir Gilbert, Rector of the Church of All Saints in Usegate, and Stephen Sperry, John le Espec, then keepers of the archives of the Lord the King at York, Peter Noel, Geoffrey de Stockton, John, son of Henry the Goldsmith, then Clerks of the Jews, Jocelyn, nephew of Aaron, Mayrot and Benedict, sons of Jocelyn, Ursell, son of Mansell the Jew. In witness whereof I have signed this present writing in my Hebrew hand in the presence of John Gocelin."

"I, the undersigned, do certify, that all whatsoever is written above in Latin is true. Aaron of York, son of Jocelyn."

This "Starrum" is so drawn as not to require a seal, but one in the same series, and relating to the same transaction, has a seal, and the words, "Hoc est sigillum Aaron in testimonium."

As to the meaning of the word "Starrum," I cannot do better than quote what the Rev. Joseph T. Fowler, F.S.A., of Durham, has written on these documents. He says: "This word (Lat. *Starrum*, Fr. *Estar*) is of Jewish origin, and was imported into Rabbinical or mediæval Hebrew from the Chaldean *sh'tar*, explained by M. Buxtorf to mean *Scriptus obligationis vel contractus*. It occurs three times in the Chaldee Targum or paraphrase of Jer. xxxii. 10-14, which records how the prophet bought a field of his cousin Hanameel."

The English version of the five verses runs thus:—

"And I subscribed the evidence, and sealed it, and took witnesses, and weighed him the money in the balances. So I took the evidence of the purchase, both that which was sealed according to the law and custom, and that which was open: and I gave the evidence of the purchase unto Baruch the son of Neriah, the son of Maaseiah, in the sight of Hanameel mine un le's son, and in the presence of the witnesses that subscribed the book of the purchase, before all the Jews that sat in the court of the prison." He then charges Baruch, saying: "Take these evidences, this evidence of the purchase, both which is sealed, and this evidence which is open; and put them in an earthen vessel, that they may continue many days."

This proves that, some 1827 years before Aaron of

York subscribed this evidence or "Starrum," the prophet Jeremiah subscribed a similar "Starrum" on making a purchase with almost parallel formalities.

Surely this is the earliest recorded instance of an evidence having been signed, sealed, and attested, and enrolled for safety so as to continue many days.

## Varieties.

**WAR CORRESPONDENTS.**—The scenes of war have a brutalizing effect even upon non-combatants, as may be seen in the style of the letters of the war correspondents of the press. It is true that they have to cater for readers the majority of whom are not generous or refined in taste, but for the honour of the literary profession we wish that the editors at home would exercise some judgment and good feeling in what they publish from these "gentlemen of the press." Many of us remember the jaunty way in which military correspondents in India wrote about "potting the Pandies" and "looting" natives who had taken no personal part in the rebellion. We are sorry to find the same style adopted in the African letters. A correspondent of the "Daily News" thus wrote just before the battle of Ulundi:—"Buller is scarcely the man to commit any default in any enterprise which experience proves to be so eminently congenial to his nature. Reaching the bed of the White Umvolozi on the first evening, by daylight on the second morning he engaged in the annexation of cattle. The people in charge of these made a feeble resistance, and were not warriors, but policy demanded that a certain number of them should die for the sake of creating an impression, and about a dozen of them fell under the fire of Buller's men. Some three hundred cattle were captured, also a man and a number of women." Unarmed peasants in charge of cattle are shot down "for the sake of causing an impression!" It is usually supposed that soldiers throwing down their arms in acknowledgment of defeat receive quarter, but the war correspondent tells how a noble British officer slew the fugitive Zulus as if he were "pig-sticking!"

**FIJI ISLANDS.**—We wonder how many of our readers are aware of the extent of "Fiji," as the colony is called. We certainly had in our own minds greatly underestimated it, and we venture to say most even of those who have watched the colony with interest have done the same. The lieutenant-governor, Mr. Des Vœux, in his annual message, delivered to the Legislative Council on January 29th of this year, stated that most people thought the islands about as important as the Scilly Islands, but "that a line drawn round the extremities of the colony would describe a figure of which the shortest diameter would be over 260 miles in length, the longest over 370 miles; and a steam-vessel passing over this line at ten miles an hour would occupy little less than five days and nights on the voyage. Of the eighty or more inhabited islands enclosed by this line, one is about as large as Jamaica, and considerably larger than Cyprus; a second would contain Mauritius three times, and Barbados ten times; and the aggregate area of the whole is greater than that of all the British West India Islands (Jamaica, Trinidad, and the Windward and Leeward Islands)." The islands will grow every sub-tropical product, and already, thanks to Sir Arthur Gordon's wise device of taking revenue in kind, are paying their own expenses.

**ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.**—Some one has taken the trouble to analyse the observations at Greenwich concerning St. Swithin's Day, in order to disprove the silly legend about its raining forty days if rain falls on that day. Here is the result for the last twenty years. There were six years in which rain fell on St. Swithin's Day. During the forty days immediately following the fifteenth of July in these six years collectively rain fell on 110 days. St. Swithin's was a dry day in fourteen of the twenty years. Rain fell, on the subsequent  $14 \times 40$  days, on 267 days. Now 110 divided by 6 equals 18 and  $14 \frac{2}{3}$  days; 267 divided by 14 equals 19 and  $3 \frac{1}{3}$  days, so that more rain fell in the forty days following St. Swithin on an average in the years in which that day was dry than in which it was wet. Therefore the adage is naught in every view of it. At the same time the probability of a wet season being persistent gives plausibility to the superstition concerning the day.

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No. 14